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GRIT
AND
GUMPTION



By

D. V. Bush



GRIT AND GUMPTION



By
DAVID V. BUSH,
Author

“Will Power and Success,” “Applied Psychology and Scientific Living,” “Practical Psychology and Sex Life.”

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DAVID V. BUSH



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DEDICATION.

To the countless numbers who with a little more
Grit and Gumption
can turn their dreams into realities.

—D. V. Bush.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I. Almost But—	13
II. Have You Burned Your Shins?	19
III. Back Bone.....	23
IV. Be a Thoroughbred.....	27 ✓
V. "Nose on the Grindstone".....	33
VI. Blocked	39
VII. Keep Up Your Speed.....	43
VIII. Follow Your Love.....	47
IX. Jealousy	51
X. What Is Your Investment?.....	57
XI. Have a Vision.....	63
XII. Are You a Grouch?.....	69
XIII. Struck a Snag.....	73
XIV. Stubbed Your Toe?.....	79
XV. Adrift	85
XVI. Muster Your Pepper.....	89
XVII. At the Telephone and "Mad".....	95
XVIII. Don't Be a Dub.....	99
XIX. Grab a Handle.....	103
XX. Go On.....	107
XXI. Off the Track.....	111
XXII. The Hand of Fate.....	115

GRIT AND GUMPTION POEMS:

It's Better to Smile.....	118
Opportunity	121
Just Boost and Make 'Er Go.....	122
Plan Now and Make the Leap.....	124
The Successful Man.....	126
Misfortune Cannot Break My Back.....	128

ALMOST BUT—

I.

ALMOST BUT—

You almost made a stake, but didn't. Never mind. — Your disappointment must not sour you; must not blind you to your own possibilities and the opportunities yet ahead.

The world has need of your talents, your vision, your hope—the world has need of you! And you cannot quit because you built your air-castle, planned your attack and got gassed before you reached your goal.

Your goal is still there and this you must believe. You must not lose faith in yourself because you almost put it over, but didn't.

Lincoln was almost a business man, but his partner left him in debt. Lincoln was almost elected to Congress, but he wasn't. If he had been, Lincoln would not have been the saviour of his country.

Washington almost won some battles, but he didn't until the last one! You have almost succeeded in your project, but haven't to date, but that is no criterion that you won't if you try again and pound away.

Almost but, has wrecked many a career and killed many a man's future.

Just because your well-conceived and well-laid plans have not materialized this time is no proof that they won't at the next. If your whole scheme has been shot through and through with disappointment, buck up and try

GRIT AND GUMPTION

once more. You have just as many good plans in your head as other men who have won. You may have had more handicaps and hindrances than some other men who have come into their own before you, but your joy will be just a little sweeter because of your delay.

George Matheson almost graduated from college, but—he was smitten with blindness. Did he quit? Never! He finished his course with distinction; began to carve a famous career and he carved it, too. He became pastor of a great church, and world famous author of some twenty or thirty volumes, which have “made all thoughtful men his debtor.”

Mr. Isaac Gans, a Russian Jew immigrant, ignorant and “stupid” almost got a job as sexton of his synagogue but—he didn’t. Didn’t because he had not enough education to keep very simple accounts. It would have meant fifteen dollars a week for life. He almost got it, but—he didn’t.

Thus he was forced to shift for himself and began to sell cigars on the street, soon owned a store and up he went. He asked his banker one day for a hundred thousand dollars and he got it. When he could not sign the note, the banker said, “What, do you mean to say you can’t read or write? Heavens, what a successful man you would have made if you had had an education.”

“You are mistaken,” said Mr. Gans, “if I had had an education, I would be a sexton at \$15.00 a week now.”

Almost but—you are disappointed, eh? Well, try the next thing at hand and refuse to be

ALMOST BUT—

shelved, refuse to acknowledge you are “done for,” refuse to let “but” and circumstances keep you from going to the top.

Do not refrain from making more plans and launching another attack. When the old Romans were beaten, they never counted it defeat—only a delay in their ultimate triumph. This defeat now of your plans is only a delay in your ultimate success and triumphant march into your own, if you do not quit.

Try once more. Do not have it said that Almost But—ruined your career and success.

Use you But-Almost to climb.



HAVE YOU BURNED YOUR SHINS?

II.

HAVE YOU BURNED YOUR SHINS?

Been too near the fire, and burned your shins this time? I see. You were told that you would, weren't you? Well, we won't rub it in. We've had our shins burned too, and between you and me, we would like to slug the fellow who taunted us of it—if we were big enough to do the slugging, and if it were within the keeping of Christian ethics, and psychological reason.

Now that you have played with the fire once too often, the thing for you to do is to apply a little ointment of repentance and the bandage of grit, held with adhesive plaster of stick-to-it-iveness, and thus help yourself to heal the burn. Forget your scar and go on. It's all in the game of life.

You dallied with the bait of temptation once too often, and here you are, ready to die—but don't do it. There's no assurance of a comfortable place for you in the beyond until you redeem yourself. You'll be ashamed to associate with yourself through eternity if you don't "come back." You can!

What if you have broken the laws of God and man? Down on your knees and confess, and up on your feet to reclaim yourself. One of America's greatest business men, known as a "Modern Good Samaritan," who has given time and money to reclaim fallen humanity, says, "I have always known that with the proper en-

GRIT AND GUMPTION

vironment, I would have made a first-class crook.”

Perhaps the very man whom you honor and envy because of his influence, position and integrity, was once just as bad as you have been—just as big a failure and perhaps just as big a fool. Other men, great and good ones too, have had their shins burned. You are in plenty of good company. But if you think you can stay by the fire and poke it (even though you have a long poker) and not get burned, you are an inflated ego—cosmos—non compos—if you know what that is. St. James says, “Blessed is the man who endureth temptation.” He doesn’t say blessed is the man who scorseth one shin and then the other, and continues to stay close enough to get them roasted.

If you have endured temptation, you are blessed. But don’t expect too much blessing by the fire—its dangerous.

You have scorched and burned your shins, but that’s no excuse for roasting them. If you don’t try again, if you don’t make one more effort, if you don’t say you’ll conquer and set out to conquer, you will be roasted—and who wants to be roasted? Not even you. It doesn’t feel good, and you won’t look well either.

Don’t let a little burning keep you from winning. If both shins have been scorched a time or two, take the scorching but don’t be roasted.

“Resist the devil and he will flee from you.” Stay by the fire, and he will push you in.

BACK BONE.

III.

BACK BONE.

Did you ever see a salmon or a pickerel go up stream? Picture a big water-falls, at the bottom of which has come a big salmon. He takes a survey of the falls, backs away, takes a running swim and starts toward the falling water and with a leap goes up over the falls. Back bone did it.

Now, another scene along the ocean: we are walking together and we come across a jelly-like substance quivering and shaking like a leaf in the chilly breeze. The tide has washed this substance upon the beach and out of its element. It has no strength or power to get back to its environment, to its class. That quivering substance is a jelly-fish. Which are you, a salmon with a back-bone, facing the water-falls of life's battles, or a jelly-fish, which the tide of disappointment has thrown up on the beach of misfortune and who is quivering on the sands of failure? The difference between you and success is the difference between the salmon and the jelly-fish—back bone.

You think you haven't any back bone? Well, probably by the way you feel right now and your past experiences, you could make us think so too. But we won't. You're discouraged, that's all. You thought you wanted to give up. You're acting the role of a jelly-fish, but in reality you are the creation of the salmon.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

When God made the earth and the sea and all that in them is, He made man, and in man He put a back bone. If you haven't discovered your back bone, if you haven't strengthened it, that's your fault, not God's. God never intended for you to be a jelly-fish, if He had, He would have put you in the ocean. You have been made in the image of the Creator and no man worthy of the name of "the likeness of God," can play the jelly-fish and be counted among the sons of the Most High.

You are not jelly, but **Man**. Don't add your name to the list of jelly-fishes instead of salmon-men, or you'll make a mess of your life. Don't mess your life. Leap Life's Falls and Win.

BE A THOROUGHBRED.

IV.

BE A THOROUGHbred.

A live stock raiser will tell you that a thoroughbred never whines. "One illustrated this to me by swinging a dog around by the tail. The creature was in pain but no sound escaped him." "You see," said the keeper, "they never complain. It ain't in 'em."

What are you? A thoroughbred or a complainer? To know that you have failed and to rise above failure is to be a thoroughbred. Take your rebuke like a thoroughbred. You have joined the club of mistake makers, but do not complain—be a thoroughbred.

To err, my friend, is human. To overcome your mistakes is also human, but a human thoroughbred. You will agree with me that Dr. Frank Crane is one of the big men of his generation. Says he, "I've made about every kind of mistake there is to make." But you wouldn't guess it when you think of his daily reading public of ten millions. Why? Because Frank Crane is just what you should be and can be, if you want to be,—a thoroughbred. He who never errs never wins.

The world is waiting to place on your head, as it has on Dr. Frank Crane's the laurel wreath of a thoroughbred if you will but have the courage, patience and the gumption, to hang on a little longer and fight your mistakes to a finish.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

Roosevelt says that the man who doesn't make a mistake is no good. Are you any good by the Rooseveltian standard? The only man who never makes mistakes is the man who never does anything. Do something to be a thoroughbred, even though it is a mistake. Don't let mistakes make you a mongrel but a thoroughbred.

“Just to prove how much you resemble the greatest of your fellows, find if you can, a good general who never had a trouncing, or a statesman who did not make an ass of himself at least once.”

Bacon says that Septimus Severus “was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list.” And yet, “He passed his youth full of errors, of madness even.”

To go back to the raiser of thoroughbreds—he will tell you that when a barn is burning, the horses in the fire that cry out and scream, are not the good ones—not the thoroughbreds. You cannot afford to be anything less than a good horse.

Of course you are in the fire of trouble and misfortune. We know how it goes, but we also know what it means to be a thoroughbred in such a fire. And furthermore we know that you can keep from crying out no matter how hot the flames, if you will. We have seen other men burned as badly as you—and have also seen them come out like thoroughbreds, with heads up, step steady, and streamers of success flying. And those men do not hold the only pennants that the world has to give to thoroughbreds.

BE A THOROUGHbred

The difference between men appears in the way they deal with their mistakes: a weak man stumbles further over them; a strong one makes them his stepping stones.

Arthur Brisbane says, "Every one makes mistakes. Your boss has made many of them while he was growing big enough to become your boss. The man who succeeds is not the man who never makes mistakes, but the man who never makes the same mistakes twice."

If you are going to succeed, see what is ahead of you. Mistakes. But if you are to succeed you must remember to be successful you must be a thoroughbred.

The grandest characters in the Bible needed to repent, for they often did wrong. Made mistakes. Think of Abraham, Moses and David. They were not thoroughbreds because they were born to the purple, but because they overcame! Be an overcomer—a thoroughbred.

“NOSE ON THE GRINDSTONE”

V.

“NOSE ON THE GRINDSTONE.”

You have had your nose on the grindstone so long that it is nearly ground off, have you? Circumstances, environment, ill-health, misfortune, misunderstanding, failure and a few other minor incidents of life have been turning the crank of the grindstone while your nose has been wearing away.

Cheer up! If you don't have enough nose to grind more, the grinding will have to stop—it's bound to stop, if you set your teeth and say that you will overcome these handicaps with which fate has been turning the crank of your grindstone.

Perhaps your particular nose has needed this grinding. As necessity is the mother of invention, so perhaps grinding is the father of your ambition and success. A man has to get a certain amount of nose grinding to let him know what's in him and how much he can do and if he can overcome the conditions that are now turning the crank. You can do most anything in life. Thank your stars that the grindstone has been turning and your nose has been on it.

Most of the men in the world, who have achieved and whose names will be niched among the stars of humanity, have been men whose noses were on the grindstone,—men who overcame environment, ill-health, failure and other crank-turning-circumstances.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

But you must know this is for your good. You must hold the thought that in the divine plan of life, this nose grinding probably was just what you needed. Any way you have had it—you are having it and the power that brought you into the universe can use this grinding for your betterment. Affirm that you are going to be—that you are going to overcome and no nose grinding will ever keep you from your own. It will only open the way for your larger and greater success.

Do you think that hereafter your nose may be on the grindstone, but hold the thought that you are going to be the grinder and then you can be easy on your nose.

Don't surrender to the grindstone even though your nose is on it. Some day the grinding must stop and you will be the master. Southern army commanders said that the trouble with Grant was that he didn't know when he was defeated—didn't know that his nose was being ground. Grant's generals thought they, with only two transports, would be trapped at Vicksburg. In their anxiety to get their noses off the grindstone and their heads out of a noose, they saw themselves unable to get away with only two transports and asked Grant how he was going to get his army away, in case of defeat. Grant had had his nose on the grindstone for so many years that he was used to it and had the grit to stand a little more grinding if necessary. So he let the Confederates grind until they thought they had him a weary and then he took hold of the crank. Grant had had his nose on the grindstone of

“NOSE ON THE GRINDSTONE”

temptation, poverty and failure, and the grinding had brought out his metal. This grinding which makes you squirm today is putting the steel temper into you that Grants are made of.

David is the national hero of the Jews—one of the greatest Empire builders of history, one of the world's greatest poets, a musician, diplomat and King—and one of the greatest nose-to-the-grind-stoners of all.

What do you know about nose grinding any way compared to some of the great? Take Foch for instance. When the poor lad wanted to enter a military training school, his family had had their nose on the grindstone so long, that there was no money to send the future German-Stopper-at-the-Marne to school. Did he quit? Did he! You remember the Marne, don't you? Nose grinding experience of the past held back the enemy. “They shall not pass!”—and they didn't. Well, such a spirit as that didn't stop at trying to get an education for such a trifling barrier as “no money.” The neighbors—a dozen of them—contributed money to send him to school. Have you had to sharpen your nose on the grindstone by a few extra cranks as he? Have you come to the point of taking up a collection from your neighbors to let up a little on the nose grinding? If you haven't, what do you know about nose grinding?

Don't fear, my friend. Just as Foch was made through nose grinding, so may you be, if you have the grit to endure a few more turns of the grindstone crank.

Just listen to the poetry of Newell Dwight Hillis: after deploring the sad fact that “this

GRIT AND GUMPTION

September''many boys will give up their schooling to find a job, where they can make a better living or supplement the family income and because of the lack of proper preparation, are doomed to stay in the cellar of life, instead of having a chance to climb to the highest story. he says: ''Man is like unto a bird that sings one hour and the next beats its wings against the iron bars. He is like unto an eagle, whose plumes are clipped, and fulfills a barnyard career, unconscious that it is the king of birds, and has a right to soar and look the sun in the face.''

Just think, because you have had your nose on the grindstone and haven't the grit to keep it there a little longer, until you are fitted for a better and larger sphere in life, you are letting the nose grinding business mould you into a dunghill rooster, fated for a barnyard career, when you have the stuff in you to be a peacock in the landlord's front yard.

Stand the nose grinding a little longer, plan for bigger things and fit yourself for something more than a barnyard fowl. Grit will do it.

Use the grindstone turning as a temperer to temper your soul into unconquerable emery, which will wear down the grindstone until the grinding is only something in the past, a tale that is told, and your soul more than conqueror.

Don't let the grindstone make a slubberdegullion dunghill-er out of you, but a king of thoroughbreds.

If you must be a fowl, be a ''bird.''

BLOCKED.

VI.

BLOCKED.

And now you're blocked again. What of it? This is an experience that you need, that we all need — and furthermore, which we usually all get. According to the scheme of life you are only getting what's coming to you. We've had our share.

If there ever has been any feat accomplished that is worth recording in the annals of man's accomplishment without a block or two, what was it?

One of the joys of the manipulator of the "fates" of man seems to be to block a fellow human's progress now and then. And note this. One of the joys of the said fellow human is likewise the joy of pushing on and over-coming, even though he has been blocked.

That's it! Overcome, even though you are blocked! What are a few blocks now and then in this tessellated fabric we call life. Each block that's overcome makes the pattern of life worth more—aye, sir—you are worth more to your friends, your family, your country and your God, if you have been blocked. That has stiffened your will power, developed your personality, made you more sympathetic, more considerate of others and more zealous to your Creator.

We need a few blocks along life's highway. Why not? All life is a struggle. The victory

GRIT AND GUMPTION

is to the one who hangs on and the few blocks you get are all needed in life's development. You may not think so now. You are downhearted just this minute, but when the clouds begin to lift and the sun of success once more rises faintly in the Eastern horizon of experience and you feel the thrill and glory of overcoming, of the conqueror, ah, then you will exclaim with all the zeal of a man who has staked all and won, "The blocks were what I needed."

Remember, the Book says that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong"—it is a matter of determination—a few blocks now and then cannot keep you down.

Conwell, who has built up the largest Protestant Church in America, did not begin to preach until he was thirty-seven years old. Blocked until thirty-seven! He fought against his convictions, tried to do this, that, and the other thing, and when at thirty-seven, he decided to preach, his friends said he was too old. Blocked! Are you blocked by Father Time—age—try again. You'll win.

The man who thinks he can is right about it—don't be blocked forever! Think right.

KEEP UP YOUR SPEED.

VII.

KEEP UP YOUR SPEED.

You're doing more than your share of work at the office and no one seems to understand that this is true. You think that you will lessen your speed, rest on your oars and take it easy. Hold on a jiffy. If you do, your life's skiff is going to drift down stream, be caught in a whirlpool, dash over the falls ahead and that will be the end of you and your upward climb on the ladder of success. You do not want any thing like that to happen to you and we know it. Change your mind about "resting on your oars."

Rome wasn't built in a day—neither is your future. Sometime when you least expect it, some one will discover your capacity to work, your ability to get things done and then, a boost and up you go. That's the way it is often done, so don't begin this resting on your oars too soon or the time will come when you will never rest. You'll have to work for the other fellow, paddling him up stream while he rests in the stern of the boat.

Charlie Schwab, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill, Paul H. Morton, etc., etc., etc., were men who came earlier and stayed later in the beginning of their careers, than the other fellows. They climbed to where they are because they did just a little more than the next best man.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

You'll climb just in proportion to what you put in your work more than the man at your side. And to do that you must keep up your speed.

Speed up. Strike your gait and hold it and some time you'll run an easier race—though you will be speeding up just the same — as Schwab and the other speeders. But right now you are laying your foundation, you're running on your first wind and puffing like an overworked gas engine, but keep up your speed for the other fellow is right now thinking of giving up and when he does you will take his place. It's only a matter of who will work the hardest for the longest time. You or the other fellow. **You** stick it out and let the other chap give up.

Your boss may be fooled today. He may think that some handsome Beau Brummel, with his dignified "airs" and well-trained, oily tongue of deceit and suave manners, is the man to boost ahead of you. But you are building the safer way. You are working, getting better prepared, while the boss deceiver is wasting time and this will be seen in due season. Then up you go and "out he will went."

Of course it is galling to see the boss entangled and semi-hypnotized by the suave manners and poisonous speech of the fore-flusher, but that is only one scene—your first act of life's success. Your next "act" will be with you on top and going up. So sit tight and speed up!

FOLLOW YOUR LOVE.

VIII. FOLLOW YOUR LOVE.

Vanderbilt fell in love. Poor Vanderbilt.

O, no! Lucky Vanderbilt.

If you haven't fallen in love you have something the matter with you.

But be man enough to follow your love. When Vanderbilt, the younger, fell in love, it was not with a society belle and father Vanderbilt, the elder, straightway disinherited him. But therein was the good fortune, for he found himself besides finding a real wife.

When he found himself cut off from the princely income of his father, he had to shift for himself. By losing his life he found it. By losing a fortune he won love and made another fortune which was much more enjoyable than taking from a platter the fortune his father had to give him. He had the grit to follow his love.

If you don't have love you don't have half of the joy of life. So follow your love if it takes you to a cottage or a palace. Either road will bring you to a happy home of your own if you have the courage to launch out and take love with you.

If faint heart never won fair lady, a weak faith in yourself and the girl you love will lose your girl and her love besides. So to keep your love and win your girl and happiness, follow

GRIT AND GUMPTION

where love leads and you may depend upon it that love does not lead one astray.

Be courageous, of good faith, follow your love, and happiness will perch on your doorstep, ever after.

JEALOUSY.

IX. JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is the adder's bite and the serpent's sting of the passions of man. Its bite is deadly and its sting is sure.

A jealous soul can find slights in anything—a big soul must find good in everyone—even an admirer of your wife.

“You are jealous because your father was and you are the son of your father.” Bosh. As a man thinketh so is he. If you think that you can blame it on your father and get away with it, then you will not cease to be jealous. If you say, “My father was jealous, but I'll go him one better—I will overcome this hateful passion”—why you will.

The psychologists say that you can change your disposition. Go your way and do so. You'll have to fight long and hard perhaps, but remember the crown is to the victor. You must have the desire to overcome this weakness and the rest is sure. The trouble with you is that you do not want to chase this demon out of your front door. You really enjoy the fits of angry passion and flushes of jealousy's temper. There is a certain thrill to having one's soul wrought up to fever pitch. That's just what is the matter with you. You want to be jealous.

It's exhilaration to you to concoct some scheme whereby you can accuse some one of

GRIT AND GUMPTION

disloyalty—so that you can be jealous. Come away from the fire or you will be scorched, aye, burned. Jealousy eats like a cancer at the vitals of the heart, and will destroy the best of the sons of man. You may be one of the “best,” but don’t take the jealous route to show it.

Jealousy is to the human system what sand is to the machine. It clogs the gearings. In Brazil husbands won’t allow anyone to speak to their wives. A wife cannot even go out without him. Half of hubby’s time is spent in watching with a jealous eye his wife. If you want to be a Brazilian, go there. But if you intend staying here, cure yourself of jealousy. Yes, you can! Think good thoughts about the one of whom you are jealous, read good books, get your mind off of plans and thoughts of vengeance, and determine to conquer.

Jealousy is in all people—to a certain degree. Even in the lower animals. Don’t be an animal, be a man.

Mr. Moody tells how he recommended a cure for two jealous merchants who were rivals in the same town. One of these merchants confessed religion at a Moody meeting, but told Mr. Moody he was afraid he would not be able to “make good” in his new religious venture, because he was jealous of a rival across the street, and he knew it, and he knew that he could not overcome this jealousy. Mr. Moody gave him advice that did cure this jealous chap. He told the merchant that every time someone came into his store and he did not have what the customer wanted, to direct the purchaser

JEALOUSY

to his rival across the street. The merchant thought that was a pretty hard cure, but like a man, he tried it and won.

Jealousy is a disease and a mental weakness. Held thoughts of kindness, love, good-will and best wishes toward the one at whom jealousy has pointed its poisoned-tipped finger, and conquer. Don't blame it on your dad.

WHAT IS YOUR INVESTMENT?

WHAT IS YOUR INVESTMENT?

X.

WHAT IS YOUR INVESTMENT?

All life is an investment. You make money and then in turn invest it, in stocks, bonds, business, home, education, and some time you hope to receive interest in kind. So with life. The Divine has advanced you this existence to invest it and you may expect a return on the investment, but your interest will be in accordance with how you have used this investment.

What are your life's investments?

George Washington, the richest man of his time in America, invested all his wealth, his reputation and his life when he threw in his lot with the Colonies against the Mother Country. Defeat would have meant loss of all. He invested wisely and in return was crowned "Father of His Country." Not a bad investment!

Thomas Jefferson invested in education and culture and his interest in kind is the immortal Declaration of Independence. What is your investment in education? Wait, your interest is accumulating.

Andrew Jackson invested in courage along with some other wise investments and Jackson's interest was the Presidency. In 1812 he raised a volunteer army which was ordered to Natchez, Mississippi. But there was not much to be done there, so the Secretary of State ordered Jackson to turn his army over to Gen. Wilkinson, of the Regulars, which would have

GRIT AND GUMPTION

meant practically forcing Jackson's volunteer army into the Regular Army, and Jackson was under military orders from his superior. But he saw the injustice of such a move and refused to obey. Insubordination—and you know what that means in army life—Guard House—court martial. Courage he invested and it drew interest. Of course exceptions are made to all rules for heroic souls as Jackson's and instead of Court Martial, why, the Presidency.

Perhaps you need to invest patience more than any thing else, to make your life count for the most. Invest patience and see the big return.

Beecher says that when a woman prays for patience and the Lord sends her a green Irish maid, she sometimes does not see that her prayer has been answered. Look for a chance to invest patience.

Russell H. Conwell invested in an idea. Newell Dwight Hillis, the worthy successor of Beecher, has said that he would rather have given Conwell's idea of educating poor men and women to the world than any other one thing of this generation.

Conwell had an idea. He invested it with the sweat of his brow and the love of humanity to bring it to pass and he has collected the interest in abundance of love and gratitude.

What's your investment in an ideal? By all means be idealistic but be the kind of an idealist who sets about consummating his ideal. Invest in ideas, ideals, and then press toward the goal by the sweat of your pressing and in time the interest will be added to your capital.

WHAT IS YOUR INVESTMENT?

What is your investment?

No greater returns come than the interest on the investment of love. It takes wisdom sometimes to know how to invest money, but any normal soul should be wise enough to invest love.

Christ's love investment surpassed all others. In two thousand years see the conglomerated hunks of humanity called men at last being coagulated into a world wide brotherhood! Loves' interest!

The servant is no greater than his lord and if you have invested love and the dividends seem a long time coming, do not hurry yourself to make a demand on the Bank, for the Comptroller is all wise and will hand out your interest in time.

HAVE A VISION.

XI.

HAVE A VISION.

The world is owned by men who have visions! But the men who are going to own the world must not have a selfish vision—all for himself. Your vision must be for yourself and the world—others. When McCormick had a vision of reapers in every state, in every country, he was visualizing for himself and others. Get the McCormick vision, and if the world isn't yours, a whole lot of it will be.

Have a vision. Look beyond today, lay your lines for the future, plan for months, aye, years to come—get a vision.

David Livingstone dared to soar to such visionary heights that most other men were dazed by his outlook. What a vision in the days of Livingstone to think of that whole continent of Africa being civilized! After spending twenty years on the dark continent upon a return to England, wise men counselled him to remain in the United Kingdom—he couldn't do much in Africa, why waste his time and energy, and probably give his life for the dark-skinned peoples of that far off country. Couldn't do much? Look! See his vision! Today, only three-quarters of a century after Livingstone first stepped his foot on African soil, there are railroads crossing the continent east and west, north and south, and civilization is flourishing in hopeless Africa—the desert blos-

GRIT AND GUMPTION

soms as the rose. With a Livingstone vision, you can conquer your share of the world.

In 1803, when James Monroe bought the "Louisiana Purchase," although it contained a million square miles and only cost fifteen millions of dollars, President Monroe was the laughing stock of people without a vision. In 1910 the assessed valuation of the property was five billion dollars. Vision, man, vision!

Alaska, "our refrigerator," was another of those visionary purchases, some people chose to deride. Alaska today! Our pride of the North cost us only seven million, two hundred thousand dollars. Have a vision!

When Lincoln, an awkward, barefoot, ignorant country lad, had a vision that he could be educated and function among the seats of the mighty, he had a real outlook on life.

First, get your vision; second, pay the price.

Fulton visualized the steamboat into being. Henry Ford used to be called "batty" when he preambled around the streets of Detroit in a cast-off buggy propelled by something other than horse or mule flesh, but Henry Ford had a vision and he converted that old rattle-trap, bucking and balking self-propelled buggy, into the greatest money-making automobile of the world. Vision!

Garfield followed the vision which took him from the farm, the canal towpath, to the presidency of the greatest Republic on earth.

Probably what you need more than anything else is a vision of the possibilities within you.

For three centuries and a half, nations of the earth talked about the Panama Canal. Some-

HAVE A VISION

one had vision, but lacked the power to act, to do, to hang on, to put 'er through.

Have a vision—you can't get it too high, but be sure you turn into action the vision of your dream. Put the Panama Canal punch into your vision.

The prophet has said, without vision the people perish. Get your vision, and live—let the other fellow perish.

What's your vision?

ARE YOU A GROUCH?



XII.

ARE YOU A GROUCH?

Think you are happy—you grouch? You're not, and you know it. You abhor yourself, and show it by the way you treat the other fellow.

What has your wife done to be doomed to sit at a table and look at the likes of you, you grouch, for the rest of her natural born days?

And your innocent children — they couldn't help having such a thing as you for a father. What in the name of the sons of Adam have they done to have to call such a crank as you "father?"

"Father," to the likes of you, would choke an ordinary man's child. And your children are fated to live with you for the best part of their lives, you, you old grouch!

Don't you feel sorry for them? Of course you do. And that's the reason we know that that old tough hide of yours has a heart that's big, tender and soft, but for the time being your outer man has made it a pumping piece of gristle.

You don't like the veneered face of yourself, and we know it. You are made in the image of God, and not the devil; but right now no one would know it—you look like the devil.

Smile once—that's fine—smile again! and again!—bully! Now you really look decent. Surprised yourself, didn't you?

Go home—quick—and I'll bet your wife

GRIT AND GUMPTION

couldn't refrain from kissing that changed phiz of yours. If you'll keep that smile, your children and the neighbors will drop in to see what has happened to you.

Smile again, you grouch, and live!

STRUCK A SNAG.

XIII. STRUCK A SNAG.

Lincoln said, "What you cannot go through, plow around." If you've struck a snag, and cannot go through, then plow around. No snag is big enough to stop you if you will not give up. Suppose you do lay your future plans as flawlessly as a man could conceive, and they have been shattered to ribbons by unforeseen circumstances—make other plans and plow around.

Louis Pasteur, at the age of forty-five, had a paralytic stroke. Just when he should have begun to do his greatest work, he struck a snag. He could not go through, so he plowed around. The next twenty years this invalid, who could not be prevented from going straight through, made investigations with this incalculable bodily handicap, worked out the theories of bacteriological infection and inoculation which have revolutionized medical and surgical science. Pasteur was a snag uprooter — he plowed around. You and I turned out a few years ago to do him honor—plow around and get **your** honor.

Thomas Carlyle, the poor Scottish lad, planned to be a great author, but he struck the snag of poverty. His clothes were thread-bare, and his shoes tattered. Friends taunted and ridiculed him—he was up against a snag. Prodded by the taunts and ridicule of his

GRIT AND GUMPTION

friends, he cried, "I have better books in me than you have ever read." While they laughed at him, he plowed around.

There is more than one way to pluck a rose, just as there is more than one way to dig out a snag or go around. It is either you or the snag that is going to win—plow around, and you win!

What is a snag compared to the hope and strength you have? This snag is only another test that kind Providence has sent your way to try your grit. If you can plow around the stump or snag, you are in line for something bigger than you planned.

When Henry Bessemer patented a plan for the use of revenue stamps for the British Government, he was promised a comfortable position in the employment of the United Kingdom; but before he was comfortably landed in his Governmental cushioned seat, there was a flaw found in his patent, and he failed—struck a snag. But he began to plow around—he did not quit, he did not bemoan his fate—he did not pelt the heavens with his cries. He went to work on something else, and in a few years he became the inventor of the process of steel making, which made him famous, and, incidentally, rich. He plowed around. Suppose he had succeeded with that revenue stamp Governmental job—the primrose path of ease would probably have killed his initiative, and it would have been Bessemer, the little, instead of Bessemer, the great and rich—plow around.

Lincoln—if he had been elected to the State Legislature, would probably never have been in

STRUCK A SNAG

the White House. He took his own medicine. When he could not go through, he plowed around. Take your medicine if you have to—but plow around.

If you would carry out the plans you make, it would be good, to be sure. But if you do not, plow around the snag, and you will reap a larger harvest, and do greater good.

If you cannot uproot your snag, why, plow around!

STUBBED YOUR TOE?

XIV.

STUBBED YOUR TOE?

You've stubbed your toe a time or two, and now you want to quit. Nonsense. Not until you have stubbed every toe on every foot can you talk about giving up. And then, you mustn't give up—talk about it a little if you must, but quit talking soon.

If you talk too much about giving up, you will bring failure by your own mouth—our thoughts make us. To think failure is to court failure.

Get your mind off your toes—away from your feet. Get your mind on things higher. Never mind a few stubs more or less. They're coming to you just as they have come and are coming to all of the sons of Adam. You can be no exception. Even Christ was tempted in like manner as we are.

You must take a few toe stubs as a seasoner of life—it's variety, you remember that adds spice. A few toe stubs now and then is the spice that mother nature has in her 57 varieties. Be glad that while toe stubbing is in store for you that in the divine plan of the Creator you will never have a bigger stub than your toe can stand. Your worst troubles never come. You build bridges before you come to them and you get toe stubs in your mind worse than the actual stubs on the toe. No stub will ever be more

GRIT AND GUMPTION

than you can overcome — no matter how big your toe.

You can put an extra rag or two of gumption and grit around your stubbed toes and go on. You may limp for a while, but what of it? Down the corridor of success, many a man has made his way limping. Aye, some have had both toes bandaged. Don't think that you are alone or have a monopoly on the toe stubbing game. Through troubles, trials, temptation, unpleasant experiences of life — toe stubbing—we discover and learn the laws of life and develop character.

Power is not in your toes, power is in your mind, your soul—don't keep your mind in your toes. Emerson says, "He who knows that stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man is stronger who stands on his feet than a man who stands on his head." After all, your feet are to stand on. If you have stubbed your toes and it's hard walking, you are better off limping on your feet than "Hesitating" on your head. Emerson had a few toes stubs and he overcame the limp. So can you.

Phillips Brooks — every one knows Phillips Brooks — graduated from Harvard, taught school for a while, had trouble with some of the unruly boys and was dismissed! One of his biographers said: "It was a catastrophe, complete, final, humiliating." Brooks stubbed his toe. But it wasn't enough for the poor, defeated, ambitious youth to have to resign. Oh no. The head master added this nice, little encouragement by saying to poor, heart-broken

STUBBED YOUR TOE?

Brooks, that he never knew a man who failed in teaching, who made a success in any thing else. Lovely, wasn't it? Bad enough to stub one toe yourself without some one else adding a stone bruise to both feet. Brook's mortification was made complete when well-meaning "friends", who had expected so much from him, commented among themselves and others about the failure of Phillip Brooks.

How soothing to stubbed toes is the heartless thanks of tell-tale friends. But Brooks had a few more toes he was willing to have stubbed before he would quit. So he entered a theological seminary six months later and in three years entered the pastorate which made him famous.

Suppose Brooks had had no stubs as a teacher. He might have been a neat, well-fed school master, unknown outside of the circle who poured vitrolie acid, by telling of his failure, into the bruises of his stubs. That stub made Brooks. Your stubs will make you, if you will let them.

Stub your toes but keep your soul aloft! Believe in yourself until the last toe has been doubly stubbed and then hope on and when you win, you may thank your toes for it.

ADRIFT.

XV. ADrift.

Are you on the stream of life, in a skiff of hard knocks and both oars of success gone and the shore of accomplishment way out of reach? Never mind that if you still have the muscle of grit, the mind of determination, the soul of "I can" and the will not to give up.

Though both oars are gone, your boat adrift with a hole in the bottom, you can reach the shore—if you can not paddle, swim! Get there some way—yes, you can!

You can get there even though you can scarcely see the shore. The shore of success is somewhere off in the distance for you and you can claim it, own it, reach it, if you have the will to keep your eyes looking that way and your determination set on getting to it.

When Rudyard Kipling was a boy he took a long sea voyage with his father. Lockwood Kipling, the father, went below, leaving the boy on deck. Soon he was aroused by a violent knocking on his cabin door. One of the officers rushed in and exclaimed, "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go, he'll be drowned." "Yes," replied his father with a satisfied look, "but he won't let go!" Don't let go your hold. Though shipwrecked and sinking, there is something that you can cling to, if nothing more than a straw—cling! Hold fast, hang on and though adrift

GRIT AND GUMPTION

today, you will reach shore tomorrow. Don't let young Kipling beat you to hanging on.

You must constantly have your eyes toward the shore. Gaze idly, you'll see the breakers, lose your grip and sink. Keep on going toward the shore no matter how dark its clouds or waters roar—paddle toward the shore.

It is said that Gen. Sherman, at the end of the first day of the battle of Shiloh, hunted up Gen. Grant to advise retreat; but Grant looked so firm and determined that Sherman could not bring himself to make the suggestion. All he could say was, "We've had a tough day, General." "Yes," said Grant, "pretty tough; but we'll lick them tomorrow." This is the spirit in which any victory is gained, on material battle grounds or the battle grounds of the soul. And this is the spirit which will bring you to the shore!

Emerson says, "He is only a well-made man who has a good determination." Be well made and reach the shore!

MUSTER YOUR PEPPER.

XVI.

MUSTER YOUR PEPPER.

Genius consists in mustering your pepper. Every man has a certain amount of pepper in his system. Yes, you have. The hookworm's got you if you have no pepper in your constitution. Even though you think that you have no pepper and the hook-worm has you, yet you have a chance to muster what pepper you have.

We grow by developing that which we have. A blacksmith has muscles developed more than the clerk because he has mustered strength to those muscles by pounding iron. A writer writes because he has mustered blood to the grey matter and developed the talent of writing. Carry your arm in a sling and your arm atrophies and while you are not armless it is not much good beyond ornamentation. Muster your pepper and you won't be armless.

So it is with life—with your talent. To get the most out of a life that the Creator has given you, you muster your pepper. What do you want to do in life? Be a merchant, lawyer, business man or mechanic, drug clerk or preacher? Whatever you expect to do, by all means do it well. And to do it well you will have to muster every ounce of pepper that's in your system and if you do not have enough to carry you to the heights of your calling in life, why then you will have to acquire some more pepper to mus-

GRIT AND GUMPTION

ter and that you can do by mental concentration and affirmation.

The whole world around you, atmosphere and all, have reservoirs of energy ready for you to tap if you will but play the game strong enough, well enough and muster your pepper. Whatever you want to do in life hold in thought. Affirm that your own will come to you. But don't sit on a park bench affirming all of the days of your life and expect fame and fortune to drop into your lap, carried to you by the park policeman. The chances are that he hasn't mustered any more pepper than he needs or else he would not be on that beat. Hold your thought, but muster your pepper. Or as Mrs. Alcott used to say, "Hope, but keep busy." Hope, but muster your pepper at the same time. Affirm, but muster your pepper.

Perhaps you have a family of secret sins which is keeping you from doing your best. There's that temper which you say you cannot help. Yes you can. But you'll have to muster your pepper to overcome it. But that you can. Then perhaps you have a nasty characteristic like Abraham, who lied to the Pharaoh of Egypt about his wife saying that she was his sister. But notice Abraham didn't continue to be a liar. He mustered his pepper and we remember him for his good traits, not his bad ones.

Or you talk too much. Now there we've hit a soft spot in you. Gossip. Always finding something to say that is unkind and mean. You can never be much in life with that kind of a tongue. Clean it up. To do so you'll have

MUSTER YOUR PEPPER

to muster your pepper, but that's what your pepper is for—to muster.

What about that oily tongue of deceit that you have oiled at both ends? You spread the blarney so much that it has become a deceitful member, your tongue, and like a two-edged sword it cuts your success both ways and you are a second rater instead of a first rater. All due to that tongue which can kindle so much fire. What's to be done? Muster you pepper and oil your tongue with the salve of truthfulness and then see success flowing to you.

You can never get far, we can see that, unless **you** muster your pepper. The nice thing about the whole matter is that you can overcome, you can muster your pepper. Abraham, Isaac and David did and you can.

Genius consists in mustering your pepper. Be a genius.

“The late Senator Hoar, of Worcester, Massachusetts, tells of a toad he saw in his garden that ran into a spider's web. The spider gave the toad a vicious bite. Instantly the toad hopped back to the lawn, found a bit of plantain leaf, chewed it, and then hopped back into the web again. He got another bite, and hopped back to his antidote again. Seven times this was repeated, but by the eighth return there was no spider's web left, and the persevering toad hopped on his way rejoicing. I wonder how many of us return to a hard task seven times?”

How many times have **you** mustered your pepper? Seven times. Good. But that is not

MUSTER YOUR PEPPER

enough, if you haven't arrived at seven or seventy times seven and then a few more sevens for good measure, if you have not overcome, keep at it.

Surely you can do more than a toad. If you can't, you ought to be where you belong—in a toad pond. Don't be a toad, be a genius.—Muster your pepper.

AT THE TELEPHONE AND "MAD."

XVII.

AT THE TELEPHONE AND "MAD."

Been trying to get Central for five minutes and mad, huh? Don't blame you, but the poor operator isn't to blame for shortage of help. If you feel like giving her a piece of your mind, don't do it. **Your** mind may need that piece to keep you from going to the mad house.

Other men have tried to give women a piece of their minds and regretted it. If you give poor Central a piece of your mind, you will be sorry tomorrow.

"Patience is a virtue, possess it if you can"; if you can't possess it, get a hold of it somehow, especially when you are on the telephone and the operator is at the other end. "If mercy becometh a monarch greater than his crown," patience becometh an angry man, better than a scowl.

Instead of telling Central what you think of the telephone system, write the General Manager or some other official. You'll have the sole satisfaction that you didn't scold an over-worked, under-paid, patient little woman at the other end of the telephone. Scold the manager—he can better bear it and it **may** do more good.

When you are about to give Central a piece of your mind, don't. If you think you have any to spare, give it to the General Manager—by the way some systems are managed, they need it.

DON'T BE A DUB.

XVIII.

DON'T BE A DUB.

Do you know what a "Dub" is? Well, whatever it is, it is something which you do not want to be—if you have any spunk in you.

A dub is a fellow—man, women, or what-not—who doesn't know that he, she or it can do big things—no vision, no gumption, no idea (worth naming), no get-there, no push, and a few more no-things that time won't permit to enumerate.

A dub is a chap who has a job and like a setting hen, stays set, and fusses up his feathers when someone brusques in his setting den and tells him the world is moving outside, and with a little hump or two, he can move also—that's a dub. What are you?

A dub is this kind of a setter who is surrounded by a nice feathered nest of a job, and who hasn't enough backbone to leave the feathers and strike out for a bigger nest.

Scientists perform a slight operation on the brain of a pigeon. After that the bird when it flies turns over and over in the air until it strikes the ground and breaks its neck.

You've been turning over and over in your soft feathered nest so long that you haven't enough gumption to break your neck, not that we want you to break your neck, but we don't want you to be a dub.

Get an operation on your gray matter of the

MUSTER YOUR PEPPER

cells “I can,” and “I will,” and you won’t be a dub.

There are plenty of pigmies in Africa—dubs are headed that way—don’t go to Africa—stay here and be somebody.

“When life was in the bud and blade,” you may have been a dub, but you have plenty of time to blossom yet into a **Man**.

If you are perfectly satisfied with your position, your business, and yourself, you are a dub. Don’t be such a thing. Expect greater things, plan greater things and be a greater winner.

GRAB A HANDLE.

GRAB A HANDLE.

GRAB A HANDLE.

XIX.

GRAB A HANDLE.

Henry Fawcett, a young Englishman, hunting with his father, suffered an accident staggering enough to break the nerve of ordinary men. His father shot at a partridge hit his son's eyes, and entirely blinded them. Writing about the matter afterward, young Fawcett said, "I made up my mind inside of ten minutes after the accident to stick to my main purpose as far as in me lay." He kept his word—worked his way through Cambridge University, was made Professor of Political Economy there, was elevated to be Postmaster-General of England, and gave to the British people a generation ago the Parcel Post that we in America so long afterwards have achieved for ourselves. He took hold of his situation by its real handle; he met it as a challenge to his strength and not as an excuse for disheartenment.

What handle have you to grab—to hold onto until you reach your goal? Don't say there is no handle for you, for there is, if you will look for it. If it has been broken off of your dipper, pick it up and weld it on, and keep on dipping until you dip your cup of success full to the brim. Surely you can! Remember Henry Fawcett, grab a handle, and stick to your purpose.

Beethoven grabbed his purpose handle and "waded in." He wrote his greatest symphony and conducted the orchestra producing it when he was stone deaf.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

Bacon did some of his best work after he was disgraced. Grab the handle and hang on! Though discredited, disgraced, misunderstood and shot through and through, find a handle and hang on!

“It does not matter what you do to a man, he can go ahead if he has it in him”—and you have! Grab a handle!

The maimed men in the Great War are teaching us valuable, though expensive lessons. “The cripple,” says the Red Cross, “is no longer to be considered as disabled, but able, and extremely able, when given his opportunity to prove it. The proof of this lies in his reconstruction through vocational training.”

There is a handle somewhere for you to grab, so grab it!

Conwell, whom Charles A. Dana said is one of the three greatest men of his generation, says that the young ladies would not invite him to parties because he had such big hands. Conwell used his handicaps and his hands to grab a handle or two to make him an immortal.

“Do what you can. When a soldier was ordered to the charge and objected, ‘My sword is too short,’ his commanding officer replied, ‘Put another step behind it!’” That means, put moral heroism behind all your defects and deficiencies. Do what you can with the handle in your hand.

A few more steps, a handle grabbed, and you are made. Don’t lose out because no one puts a handle in your hand—grab one and don’t let go until you have reached the goal you long ago staked out.

GO ON.

XX.

GO ON.

This story is told of a boy learning to skate whose falls were so frequent and severe that a woman watching went to him and said: "Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up. I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so. I'd just come off and watch the others." The boy, with tears of his last fall rolling down his face, looked at the woman, then to the shining steel beneath his feet and said indignantly: "I didn't get some new skates to give up with. I got 'em to learn how with." God hasn't put you here to fall down a few times and then to give up. He has a purpose in the scheme of life for you and He has given you the skates of misfortune and the bumps of failure just to see if you will try again. If you will overcome your past errors and say that you didn't come to this earth to give up at a few bumps but to overcome all misfortunes and handicaps, and finally learn to skate on the ice of life, "the God who liveth forever is on your side today."

Don't you know that to fall down isn't so bad after all? Who has climbed high on the ladder of success without having a few falls? That fellow has not yet been born. The men whom you see leading in the affairs of life have had many a slip on the ice of adventure and many a bump on the slide of misfortune,

GRIT AND GUMPTION

but you wouldn't detect it by the way they look up toward the sky.

You need a few of these ice cracking bumps to stir you into fighting action; to arouse you to battle against the tides of outrageous fortune and learn to skate. Dr. Crane says: "Genius is the inexhaustible capacity for going on. Training, education and the like before you go to work is valuable; but it is the training and education you get by and while doing your work that counts most. There are three rules for success. The first is: Go on. The second is: Go on. And the third is: Go on. Try, try again.

"You can't win a woman by the rules of a book, nor can you make biscuits, nor get elected to office, nor build up a trade, nor get yourself liked, nor achieve contentment, nor get to Heaven. Life is an endless experiment.

Try once more to skate and if you bump your shins, bruise your hips, or crack your head, get up and go on for sometime, you will learn—sometime!

You must have the faith of the boy that you can and will learn to skate. Faith to believe that God has a purpose for you and that you will fulfill that purpose. And you will. Try again.—Go on.

OFF THE TRACK.

OFF THE TRACK.

OFF THE TRACK.

OFF THE TRACK.

When young, you had ambition to conquer anything and everything that dared to cross your path to prevent you from becoming a success, and today you haven't enough ambition to run to earth a real good job.

Yes, you have. You only think that your ambition is dead. It is not dead but sleepeth. You're on the wrong track. You've tried a few things for which you were not adapted either by temperament or training — things which the Creator never intended that you should do. You never can make a go that way. You're off the track.

Jump back onto the right track again. If you think that you can make bread out of a stone or a fish out of a serpent, you are wrong. Neither can God make a successful man out of you if you are not doing the kind of work that He made you to do—develop your **talent**.

If you are not developing your talent—the thing you like to do—you're off the track and even God cannot pull you back unless you work with Him.

Don't say that you can't. For you can. You wanted years ago to be a professional man, a business man, an inventor, a writer or what

GRIT AND GUMPTION

not and now you're a—what are you? Whatever you are, you are not happy and you do not count yourself the colossal success that you were ambitious to be years ago.

Get back onto the right track and give your ambition a chance once more to soar and you'll be happy, be a success and soar,

THE HAND OF FATE

XXII.

THE HAND OF FATE.

Fate has given you a hard, old slap and you are ready to say, "This is the last straw." Better say, that "there is no last straw, never has been and never will be a last straw that can break my back." For after all, the last straw only breaks your back when you say it can. Say that no straw nor bundle of straws nor stack of straws can ever break your back and it or they never will. They can't unless you let them.

What has fate done to you anyway that it hasn't done to many another heroic soul who conquered after fate had seemed to use every means to thwart ambition? Have you lost your dearest friend? So have others. Tennyson for instance. Have you laid plans which you were sure would bring you fortune and they have been rudely wafted to the four winds of heaven without any angel chorus to sooth your aching heart? So have others. General Grant, for instance.

Have you been almost a success and failed? So have others. Phillips Brooks, for instance; and this is what he says, "What is defeat? Nothing, but education; nothing, but the first step to something better."

This slap by fate is **your** upward step to something better.

Were you born in poverty, reared in misery, matured in grief and fed on temptation? So were others. Lincoln for instance.

Have you ill health and been gently told that

GRIT AND GUMPTION

you stand no chance of climbing the ladder of fame. Your health won't permit. You only have a short time to live anyway and any exertion may be the means of hurrying your nearing end. So have others. Lord Nelson and Theodore Roosevelt for instance.

Have you been misunderstood; do your friends question your judgment and look askance at your next step? Do you feel like Caesar, when he saw that his friend was among the assassins, exclaimed, "And you, too, Brutus?" Do your friends shun you? So have others. Robert Fulton for instance.

Have you been ready to quit and made plans to go away and try to forget? So have others. General Leonard Wood for instance.

What have you on others when it comes to having been rapped on the head by fate? Why you have a few more rappings coming before you can claim to be in the company of Lincoln, Grant, Garrison, Columbus, Carnegie, Garfield, Wagner, Lloyd George and a host of others so numerous that if you were to count them all you would not have time to lift your head, double your fist and take a round at fate.

What you want to do is to look old fate squarely in the face and tell him, it, her or whatever gender such a thing as fate is, that you will not allow him, it, or her to break your back, quell your spirit or defeat your soul. You are the pilot of your life's craft and not fate. Fate may be a reef or two that bobs up around the narrows of life's experience, but a good pilot watches out for the reefs and steers his bark safely into port. So can you.

THE HAND OF FATE

If you let fate ground you a time or two, you want to be on to the old rascal and let him know on the next voyage on which you embark, that he cannot volcano a reef big enough at any place on life's sea to stop you.

You are going to steer clear from now on. These few slaps of fate are just love taps of mother nature to wake you up, stir your dander, prod your soul and shake your spirit into action. If you had not had these fate jabs you would have become so used to sailing the unruffled waters of life's placid lake that you would have stayed in one spot and stagnated. You have to bestir yourself now or drown, go down with the current, but this last slap has aroused you to fighting fever and fate never stays long where a man really has his fighting fever up.

Get up your fever and put down fate.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

It's Better to Smile.

Lose temper, and all must perish;
Smile, and you'll put 'er through!
An angry frown puts you true self down—
So smile, and dare, and do!

When your rage seems too hot to smother,
And the world bears a crimson hue,
Don't play the fool—take a moment to cool—
Just smile, and you'll push 'er through!

When you feel like tearing and rending,
Just pause for a saner view.
There is naught to gain from your wrathful pain—
So smile, and you'll push 'er through!

Lose your temper, and you are vanquished;
Smile, and you'll put 'er through;
For anger's the first of your foes—and worst—
So smile, and dare, and do!

Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

GRIT AND GUMPTION
POEMS

GRIT AND GUMPTION POEMS

Opportunity.

Opportunity knocks many times every day,
And if carelessly slighted departs on its way;
But it never evades you, for some time again
It is sure to return—and if seized, will remain!

You must study its aspect and know how to take
Every chance that is offered, its friendship to make;
You must cherish a faith that it some day will bless
The dull course of your life, and turn ills to success.

Believe in its coming with mind strong and keen,
And be sure that you know it, when once it is seen;
It may come in the sun, yet look still in the storm,
For misfortunes may show you its bright beaming
form.

Each night the great sun nestles down in the west,
But next morning returns with the same ardent zest;
So remember whenever you fall by the way,
That a new opportunity waits you next day!

No care is so trying, no failure so great,
That you can't find a new chance to battle with fate.
Watch close for your boon, for it's e'er on the wing
And the end of your trials at last it will bring.

Gain knowledge and courage, seek wisdom and light,
Lest you miss the fleet chance when it looms into
sight;

Every minute improve, and dismiss the dull past,
Nor believe that old woes till the morrow will last.

Through the star-studded night and the noonday's
blue vault,

Floats benign Opportunity, never to halt;
It is knocking each hour, and it calls loud and clear,
So be watchful and ready to answer, "I'm here!"

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

Just Boost and Make 'Er Go.

Don't have a face so glum and long
 You look like a baboon,
But have a grin upon your chin
 Like that upon the moon.
So with a smile meet ev'ry foe;
Just boost 'er up and make 'er go!

Don't wear a grouch about the times,
 Or business poor and dull,
Let smiling slip around each lip,
 Away up to your skull.
Don't halt, pull back, or falter slow,
Just boost away and make 'er go!

Don't prophesy and always say,
 "The job's too big for us."
Don't always kick and play "Old Nick,"
 Don't growl and carp and fuss;
The one who hopes to make the "dough"
Must boost away and make 'er go!

Don't criticise and shake your head;
 Don't wear a fearsome frown,
Don't block the wheel because you feel
 A little blue or down.
Scorn all retreat, and don't say "no"—
Just boost away and make 'er go!

—Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

GRIT AND GUMPTION POEMS

When You Are with Me, Then I'm Strong.

The bravest heart sometimes will faint;
The sturdiest oak may fall;
A blast of sin may mar the saint,
But strength is lent to all.
The fainting heart is roused by life,
The oak by sun revived;
And prayer may mend a saint's weak life,
Blest aid by God contrived.
But when I face life's battling throng,
To know you're with me makes me strong!

The boldest and most valiant men
Have had their weakened days;
A Robert Bruce once paused, but then
A spider fired his ways.
A Charles the Twelfth has fled the field,
Yet won a lasting place;
It doesn't matter if we yield
If we renew the pace.
Sometimes I fear I can't last long,
But when you're with me, I am strong!

A Peter, tempted, falls and cries;
A Paul has led the throng;
Something within each spirit lies
To help to keep us strong.
Some men may need a martial air
To make them brave and true,
But when I'm fainting, I declare
That what I need is you:
For when I'm tempted to do wrong,
Your spirit with me makes me strong!

—Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

Plan Now and Make the Leap.

Ah, are you happy in your work?
If not, you ought to be;
The man who loves the work he does
Works most effectively.
There's something in this varied world—
Some mountain tall and steep—
That you can reach; so do and dare,
Then plan and make the leap!

Full many a man with talents great
Lies prostrate on life's plain;
He once began, but felt too weak
The summit to attain.
You cannot do your level best
Or past your troubles sweep,
Unless you follow up your bent—
Plan well, and make the leap!

It takes much nerve and courage, too,
Your talent to augment;
But ev'ry man beneath the sun
A talent has—his bent.
Get in your line—you have a work—
Climb up instead of creep.
No height's too great—just know thyself—
So plan and make the leap!

GRIT AND GUMPTION POEMS

Plan well, of course, but do thou plan!
Of course you'll sweat and pant;
The road of life is strewn with bones
Of those who said, "I can't."
The skeletons of men who've quit,
You'll leave in dreamless sleep.
Come, have the pluck to do and dare—
Just plan and make the leap!

The one who leaps may wonder oft
If he did what was right;
You'll often feel yourself "at sea,"
But don't give up the fight.
Your way is long, perhaps, and tough,
And snares seem close and deep;
But banish doubt—you cannot fail—
Plan now and make the leap!

—Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

The Successful Man.

Successful men are always kicked, they're kicked
with envious wrath;
No matter what their line may be on life's laborious
path.

The man who wins is always kicked, they kick him
black and blue;
He's thumped with mud, and rotten-egged; gets num-
ber fourteen shoe.

Because he's always on the job, industrious at his
work,
Because he plods and plugs away, while other men
may shirk,
Because he puts more in his work and gets more in
return,
And stirs things up and gets things done, he's kicked
by those who yearn.

The men who set the world ahead are kicked in jeal-
ous spite,
They lift us to a higher plane, but feel green envy's
blight;
No, matter, Sir, what lives they save, no matter what
they give,
If they do more than other men, they're punctured
like a sieve.

If you're not kicked, I wonder now if you have lost
your hope?
Do you play fair and do your best, or sulk and grunt
and mope?
If you're not kicked you won't rise far; so, man, get
in the game,
And let them kick you all around—kick hard until
they're lame!

GRIT AND GUMPTION POEMS

So do your work and play your game—play fair and
hard all day;
And let the townsmen wag their tongues, the gossips
have their say;
And never mind their cutting ways, nor see that
surly frown,
For in the end you'll beat them all—although you're
oft kicked down!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

GRIT AND GUMPTION

Misfortune Cannot Break My Back.

Misfortunes shall not break my back,
No matter what they be;
I'll rise above them, every one,
Although I cannot see.
If I'm struck blind, of speech bereft,
Or lose my old time knack,
I'm bound that naught this side of death
Shall ever break my back!

I have no "pull," my funds are low,
My heritage most dire;
My birth and breeding cast my lot
In Life's entangling mire.

But though my health and strength be small,
Though every grace I lack;
I swear by God and man that these
Can never hold me back!
Full oft I faint from grave mistakes,
My blunders never cease;
My debts instead of growing less,
By leaps and bounds increase;
Such pains and sorrows tear my heart
That anguish forms Life's pack;
But I'm resolved that all of this
And more can't hold me back!

The heavy load that Life has laid
Upon my mind and strength
I am determined to cast off—
I'll overcome at length!
Though curse of Cain be on my brow,
Though trials rend and rack,
I'm bound that I shall conquer all,
For naught can break my back!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

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